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A
DUEL and no DUEL;
OR, THE
SKIRMISH
OF THE
WEST-INDIA HEROES.
A
BURLESQUE ACCOUNT

OF THE
Cause, Rise and Progress of the QUAR-
REL between Sir C——R O——LE, and Governor
T———EY, and the ASSAULT on his
Excellency, in his *own House*, in *Spanish Town*,
on the 22d of *July* last.

WITH
The LETTERS that pass; the Remarkable *Trial*;
and other Incidents of the *Extraordinary* ADVEN-
TURE that happen'd to our Homeward-bound
KNIGHT ERRANTS.

By an Honest SAILOR.

*He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another Day;
But he that is in Battle slain,
By Jove, can never fight again.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. FOSTER, at the *White Horse*, on *Lud-
gate Hill*. 1743. Price Six-pence.

15476.149

Harvard College Library

May 7, 1912.

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A

DUEL and no DUEL.

WHEN *Sea* and *Land* shall disagree
 (says some old *English* Prophecy)
 The *Officers* of *Both* engage,

No longer *Spanish* War to wage ;

But o'er their *Cups*, and *plunder'd* Spoils,

Their *Courage* waste in *civil* Broils :

Then shall *old* *England* see, too plain,

Her Empire dwindling o'er the Main.

If *Nostradamus*, or old *Lilly*,

Did formerly this Truth foretel ye,

I will not positively say ;

But this, I'm sure, I truly may,

'Twas verified but t'other Day.

Pardon, good Captain! If at Land
 No longer, we obey Command;
 Adieu, with all a Sailor's Fears,
 I dread not now the *Lash* and *Geers*,
 Which, for my Quarrels, oft I've met,
 And, cannot yet, the Smart forget;
 You'll say, perhaps, I made a *Slip*,
 In quarrelling, *Aboard a Ship*;
 And that, when *Rum* too potent grew,
 It Me into a *Passion* threw.
 Shall I be lash'd for *getting Drunk*,
 Or quarrelling about a *Punk*;
 For a *black Eye*, or *bloody Nose*,
 Be *hump'd*, and *thump'd*, and ty'd up close,
 And shall my *Chief's* all Order break,
 And I not be allow'd to *speak*?
 Pray, which is worst, to *box it out*,
 Or, make a *controverted Bout*;
 If I, and *Mefsmate* disagree,
 The *Fist* is *Judge* 'twixt *Him* and *Me*;

But

But these fine Fellows, with their *Swords*,
 Are much less apt at *Blows*, than *Words* ;
 Tho', give the Devil his just Due,
 Sir *Chal.* will *fight*, and *argue* too :
 As for poor *Trel.* it is well known,
 His *CHOLER*, keeps his *VALOUR* down ;
 And both, in's Heart, strive to prevail,
 As Yeast works up the Wort of Ale ;
Throws, *frets*, *froaths*, *fumes* about,
 And knows not to keep *in* or *out* ;
 Like that too, He's not fit to quaff,
 'Till he's *refin'd* and *bottled off*.

Now, *Chal.* like true *Jamaica Rum*,
 Does, sparkling, to the Conflict come ;
 His Spirit's good, tho' drawn from Sweets,
 And cheers and smiles on all it meets.

Th' Ingredients of a Flip's full Can,
 Emblem the Temper of each Man.

Ver. is the *Sugar*, whence is drawn

The Spirit that in *Chal.* is shewn :

Their

Their *Country's Love*, that warms each Breast,
Is, by the scarcer *Spice*, exprest.

Trel. is of Service to our Cheer,

And serves instead of good *small Beer* :

But for the rest concern'd, forsooth !

We blow 'em off as we do *Froth*.

We Sailors have an aukward Way,

But yet we *mean* whate'er we *say* :

Then drop the Helm, and furl your Sail,

While I relate a pleasing Tale.

Doubtless ye've heard how little *Went*.

To batter *Carthagene* was sent ;

And how his Powder tore the Air,

And all the *mighty* Feats done there :

How *Spanish* Dons beheld, with *Wonder*,

Their Whiskers sing'd by *British Thunder*,

And yet we came without our *Plunder*.

How next in *Cuba's Isle* we storm'd

A barren Spot, and Camps there form'd

Where

Where Soldiers fierce in Warfare skill'd
 Four Hundred valiant Buff'los kill'd ;
 And when they cou'd no longer stay,
 Took all the *powder'd Beef* away.

Of greater Wonders far than these
 I mean to tell—rise by Degrees !

I've read at School, oftner than once,
 (For ev'ry Seaman's not a Dunce)

How *Grecian* Captains, 'fore *Troy Town*,
 Wrangled and jangled, up and down,
 For Ladies, which their Arms obtain'd,
 And Maidenheads too slyly gain'd :

How '*Chillee* by his *Passion* warm'd
 For his *Briseis* loudly storm'd,

And how, when they had done their *Toils*,
 They went to *Loggerheads* for Spoils :

But *modern* Heroes, with *more Spirit*,
 When *nothing's* done, contend for *Merit* ;

Of *ungot* Plunder, claim their Shares,
 And go together by the *Ears* :

Fall out about what *ne'er was won*,
 And reap up what they *might have done* :
 'Till *Dudgeon*, breaking ev'ry Measure,
 Disturbs the Scene of *Mirth and Pleasure* ;
 Sets *Trellee* raving like a *Turk*,
 And *Chal.* and *Ver.* and all to Work ;
 And so they *quarrel, rave, and chatter*,
 And *talk, and scold*, about the Matter ;
 'Till no One knows where it commences,
 And all *receive, and give Offences* ;
 Sure never was so sad a Stir
 'Twixt *Admiral* and *Governor* ;
 One *madly hot*, and one *genteel*,
 The other, doth his *Rage conceal*,
 And *cool in Head*, yet *warm in Heart*,
 Well acts the *Umpire's faithful Part* :
 Who stay at Home, from hence may learn,
 Where lies *true Worth*, and *Falsbood* spurn.

From *Cuba's Isle* replete we came,
 With *dying Forces*, and *lost Fame* ;

All faint and sick, or storming, swearing,
 And, each to Pieces, t'other-tearing.
 When we, alas! Cou'd do *no more*,
 We fought *Jamaica's* friendly Shore;
 We there lay by, expecting News,
 Of what your Councils might produce;
 Whilst ye, your *Ruin* were pursuing,
 We long'd to know what ye were doing;
 Whether Affairs stood odd or even,
 Or if they were at *Six* and *Seven*
 (For we, *amphibious* Things afford,
 And *Politicians* have a Board)
 Much we debated on Things past,
 And dreaded much, the War *wou'dn't last*.

As poor *Penelope* relates,
 The Chatter of the *Grecian* States,
 When *Cuckoldom* was all their Joy,
 At their Return from sacking *Troy*,
 They shew'd on Tables, with good *Wine*,
 Where *Simois*, and *Scamander* join;

Where *Priam* kept his Watch and Ward,
 And stout young *Hector*; mounted Guard.
 Where *Ajax*, like a trusty Serjeant,
 Whose Shield was *Cowhide*, painted Argent,
 First exercis'd his young *Recruits*,
 And where *Achilles* hung his Boots:
 So we, with *Lime-Juice* well fermented,
 To good *Rum Punch*, glad and contented,
 On dirty Benches drew the Stream
 That spoil'd our *Carthagena* Scheme.
 On this Side *Bocca-chica* stood;
 Here lay the *Camp*, and there the *Wood*.
 Here the poor *Shrewsbury* was maul'd,
 And here, the batter'd *Galloon* hall'd:
 Here fled *Don Blafs*, the Town to gain,
 And here, rash *We—w—th* lost his Men.
 Here, much-regretted *Douglas* died,
 And *Watson* perish'd by his Side.
 Here, when *Marines* no more cou'd fight,
 We *skipp'd* them all—a Sort of Flight—

And

And rally'd those who Arms abuse,
 Unskill'd in War—but at *Reviews*,
 Crying, had we but had our Way,
 The Town had been our *own* this Day.

The *Landmen* storm! There's nothing in't,
 We *Water-dogs* alone cou'd win't.

And hence, some say, 'twas *BOOTY* play'd,
 And, that a *Ransom* for't was pay'd.

Others, that *Cowardice* has lost
 The Place, and Lives of Thousands cost.

But here the Secret I declare;

And take it from an *honest Tar*;

Our Officers, who'd Places seen,

Where *silkworm Courtiers* ne'er had been,

The Danger knew, and scorn'd to ask

Th' Advice of *Ignorants* in the Task.

Ambition, crowded in a narrow Soul,

Suits ill with *Conduct* and *Controul*;

And the Commander's oddly pair'd,

Whose *Colleague* never Danger dar'd;

But raw, unpractis'd in the Art,
 Commences Warrior at a Start ;
 And riding a full Tilt to *Fame*,
 E'er he can gain the Goal falls lame ;
 Proud of himself, destroys his Merit,
 And loses *Conduct* in *hot Spirit*.
 Or *this*, or Orders from behind
 The Curtain, all our Deeds confin'd ;
 So jangling, jarring, we return'd,
 And each with *secret Malice* burn'd ;
 Which o'er their Bowls they freely vented,
 As some *agreed*, and some *dissented*.
 Whence from the *high Ones*, to the *low*,
 Disputes and Strifes, wou'd frequent grow,
 Oft we, poor Wretches ! Full of Grief,
 Have curst and blam'd the Landmen's Chief ;
 And often, as we row'd a Shore,
 At *Milkop—Hyde-Park* Soldiers swore ;
 But little thought to *crowd a Sail*
 From *Spanish Town*, with such a Gale.

But

But since 'tis so, and the *Storm* grows,
We'll tell which *Way* the *Tempest* blows.

No sooner we had reach'd our *Port*,
But then began the *Gov'rnor's Sport*:

' My *Chiefs*, quoth he, ye're welcome here;

' But where's the *Trophy* that ye bear?

' We've made *but little* of this *War*.

' The *Treasure* brought, will scarce suffice

' To buy a batter'd *New-York Prize*;

' And shall We, who ourselves so pride,

' Beyond all *Colonies* beside,

' And with a *Brace* of *A——ls*,

' Become the *Lacquies* and *Jackalls*?

' Shall *Merchants*, who did late revere us,

' Now turn their *Noses* up, and sneer us?

' Says *Ver.* ' We h've done what *Men* cou'd do,

' The *Fault* is owing *Went.* to you.'

' To Me! Says *Went.* by all the *Gods*

' I wou'd have fought them at the *Odds*,

' Than

' Than *Alexander* been much madder,
 ' And scal'd the Walls without a Ladder.
 ' No equal shall be join'd with me,
 ' I'll *Unum Necessarium* be.
 ' Consumptive when the Field I fought,
 ' A shatter'd Carcase here I brought;
 ' And when the worst that can is come,
 ' That shatter'd Carcase I'll bear home,
 ' And sure his Prowess is as great,
 ' Who ventures with *Disease* his Fate,
 ' As his whom Honour rashly calls
 ' To beat his Brains out 'gainst *Stone Walls* !"
Ay, but your Men ?— ' Hang 'em, says *Went*.
 ' Were they not for Destruction sent ?
 ' D'ye think the Fools had hither flock'd,
 ' But that the Nation's overstock'd ?—
 ' —Nay, if your Sentiments are so,
 ' 'Twas well our Sailors did not go.
 ' Your *Rashness* now is plainly shown,
 ' You h'd flighted ours just like your own ;

' And

' And if we h'd thus resign'd our Men,
 ' Who h'd brought our Vessels back again ?'
 ' —Nay, as for that, says *Trel.* you know
 ' You've *prest* all here that *come or go*;
 ' Nor cou'd we run *illicit* Trade—
 ' 'Cause *you* on Board our *Hands* convey'd.

Chal. took this as a great Affront,
 And swell'd and bristl'd up upon't :
 ' By G——d, says he, whate'er is done,
 ' I'm very sure has been our own :
 ' And this I'll tell you, by the Bye,
 ' Is owing to a poultry Spy ;
 ' A Fellow of no Worth or Merit,
 ' Sense, Decency, or Spirit :
 ' That *Dick's* a horrid Fellow
 ' (Now you must know they all grew mellow)
 ' A *Scoundrel*, and I do aver it.
 ' —A *Scoundrel* ! says old *Trel.*—who'll bear it ?
 ' I tell you, Sir, and tell you true,
 ' He no more *Scoundrel* is than you.

' Ha !

' Ha! call me *Scoundrel*, says the Knight
 ' (And look'd as if he fain would fight)
 ' Repeat, repeat the ugly Word,
 ' And down thy Throat I'll cram my Sword;
 At this the *G-ver—r* flew up,
 Kick'd down the Bowl, the Punch and Cup,
 The Tables and the Glasse broke,
 E'er he an angry Sentence spoke.
 (And surely he all this might do,
 For why? '—'Twas his own House you know)
 He spoke not; true! but cast a Frown,
 And Passion flung him in a Swoon;
 But not e'er he had drawn his Sword,
 As is asserted on Record:
 How Happy then for *England* was it,
 That *Pallas* jump'd out of her Closet,
 And, in the Form of shiv'ring Rage,
 Hinder'd the Heroes to engage;
 Or else a Duel we might fear—
 And, O! What Work had we made there!

Sir *Chal.* he for the Combat waited,
 'Till *Trel.* his weary Spirits bated;
 But finding then, he cou'dn't afford, Sir,
 Sufficient Strength to keep in Order;
 And that his Sense from Liquor fled,
 He wisely reel'd away to Bed.
 Now *Ver.* who hates a *drunken* Man,
 When first this horrid Strife began,
 Seeing the Sword out, leap'd behind,
 And in his Arms poor *Trel.* confin'd;
 So *he* was *sober*, it holds good,
 And stopt what else had sure ensu'd.
 Aboard their Ships the Heroes went,
 Tho' much enrag'd and discontent,
 And left the *G—ver—r* Ashore,
 To lose his Passion in a *Snore*.
 Next Morn, as he quite Crop-sick lay,
 And musing on the last Night's Fray,
 His Mind misgave him very much;
 Says he, ' I think we had a Touch,

' At least, it seems so to my Thought ;
 ' And yet, faith ! I've almost forgot. '
 And then his Hand he ran all round,
 To feel if he cou'd find a Wound ;
 But none perceiving—cries he, ' Brave !
 ' And shall I then such Treatment have ;
 ' No, I'll my legal Action bring,
 ' In hurting *Me*, they hurt the K——.
 ' At worst, *Co—ca—n* will say so,
 ' And certainly he needs must know ;
 ' For he's a very witty Man,
 ' Writes Odes, and can Love Verses scan ;
 ' In *Ireland*, oft he has been seen
 ' In Print, brow-beating of the *Dean* ;
 ' And he, who dare to Nose *him* there,
 ' Will, sure, *out-brawl* the *Council* here. '
 So said, resolv'd : The Suit commences,
 And up they draw their Evidences ;
 Marshall'd and plac'd in due Array,
 And *Land* and *Sea* dispute the Day.

So where some low and flimy Shore,
 Is, by th' encroaching Surge flown o'er,
 The Wave, in vain, more Fury spends,
 And to the *Mud* more *Mud* it lends ;
 Retiring to the *Element*,
 The *clearer* for the *Soil* it lent.

But e'er the formal Court had fate,
 And stroak'd their Bands for the Debate,
 Good *Dame C—nca—n* thought it right
 To *Chal.* a Letter to indite,
 As follows thus, which, for Form's Sake,
 As suits it best, in *Doggrel* take.

S I R,

- ' I love you, I own it, much ;
- ' But I must still keep true to Touch,
- ' I'm *Jack* in *Office* you well know,
- ' And to the * * * must Duty show ;
- ' We to the *Beggar* must seem great,
- ' As *humble* to the *Fools* of *State* ;

' So 'tis, I hope, without Offence,
 ' That I a Suit 'gainst you commence ;
 ' You've *frighten'd*, Sir, our Governor,
 ' As he himself doth loud aver ;
 ' Perhaps the Fright may be but small,
 ' Yet you must answer for't—that's all,
 ' At the next *grand* ensuing *Court*——
 ' — We must our Dignity support—
 ' One Thing I'm order'd much to mind,
 ' Which you and I must both think kind,
 ' That is to treat you with Respect,
 ' And not your *Rank* or *State* neglect.
 ' Now, Sir, when we Attorneys write
 ' (You know we get a *Fee* oft by't.)
 ' 'Tis to advise you to be ready,
 ' That none may into *Blunders* lead ye,
 ' And *fee* a Counsel learn'd i'th' Laws,
 ' The better to uphold the Cause :
 ' For if you no Defence shou'd make,
 ' How shou'd our Courts uphold their Stake ?'

So

So writes th' Attorney ; now proceed—
The specious solemn Trial read.

The *Judge* and his *Assistants* seated,
—*nca*—*n* thus the Crime repeated.

My LORDS,

‘ —Pray give me Room and Scope,
‘ Whilst I the Information ope ;
‘ Sir *Chal.* before ye here is brought,
‘ For that he, both in Word and Thought,
‘ And Malice that in Mind did rise,
‘ Not having God before his Eyes,
‘ Before our Governor did stand,
‘ Whilst to his Sword he clapp'd his Hand ;
‘ Nay, and, as my Instructions say,
‘ Refus'd from thence to go away ;
‘ But *contumeliously* upheld,
‘ The Cause why he had so rebell'd ;
‘ Us'd *threat'ning* Words, and so dismay'd
‘ Our Lord he grew most fore afraid ;
‘ Which,

- ' Which, if you'll but consider right,
 ' Is *Scandal* and *Affault* downright :
 ' For can it ever be suppos'd,
 ' That he, who *Governors* hath nos'd,
 ' Will, to his *P—nce* Allegiance show,
 ' Such as he doth in Duty owe ?
 ' We rest it here—No Jury's pact—
 ' —Our Evidence must prove the Fact.'

He fate in Silence—with wild Stare
 Upstart *W—ntw—th*, Man of War !

- ' A *Hero* comes, make Room, make Room !
 ' Cries He, I'll fix the *Sailor's* Doom.'

And thus the *G—n'ral* did depose—
 —The Substance heed not, mark the Close.

- ' Some Hours before this Quarrel chanc'd,
 ' *Sir Chal.* with Warmth, his Thoughts advanc'd ;
 ' I no *indecent* Language heard,
 ' And yet his Interruptions fear'd.
 ' Well, says the *Court*, but can you say
 ' Aught to the now-disputed Fray ?

' Not

‘ Not I, upon my Word, says he,

‘ —Why then stand by, We need not *Thee*. ’

So said the *Brig*. but now stand clear,

And let the *G—vern—r* appear.

His Visage quite distorted, shews

His Bosom heaves with *Pangs* and *Throws* :

Studied and artful ev’ry Look—

—A Pause ’twixt ev’ry Speech he took.

‘ Ye Lords, says he, that holds the Scale,

‘ My Memory perhaps may fail ;

‘ And if I vary, mind it not,

‘ For something I have sure forgot :

‘ But here’s the Substance, if you’d know it,

‘ Soon as I can, I’ll plainly show it :

‘ The Counsel parted, and, most kind,

‘ I ask’d them, and with me they din’d :

‘ Of *Black*. and *Went*. I took my Leave,

‘ And some-body a Note did give ;

‘ Which, thinking that a proper Minute,

‘ I shew’d, tho’ there was nothing in it.

‘ Says

‘ Says *Ver.* this Paper is not sign’d,
 ‘ So this Report I shall not mind :
 ‘ One *Dicker* is concern’d in this,
 ‘ Of whom I must think much amiss ;
 ‘ A *filly Man* ; a *Villain* fly ;
 ‘ No, he’s an *honest Man*, cries I.
 ‘ He’s of *Chimæras* full, says *Ver.*
 ‘ And always loves to make a Stir.
 ‘ For his *Chimæras*, then, said I,
 ‘ In them I can no *Mischief* spy ;
 ‘ But as for yours, you have good Store,
 ‘ I *never* hope to meet ’em *more*.
 ‘ Thus ended *Ver.*’s, and my Dispute,
 ‘ And then Sir *Chal.* and I set to’t,
 ‘ Calling *Dick. Rascal, Scoundrel, Rogue,*
 ‘ And some such Words, now much in Vogue ;
 ‘ His Chair he rigged up and down,
 ‘ And fac’d me, with a frightful Frown ;
 ‘ I, as my *Temper*’s always cool
 ‘ (I learnt it b’ing whipt at School)

Replied

' Replied with Peace and Calmness too,
 ' He, no more *Scoundrel* is, than You.
 ' G—d d—mn me ! *Scoundrel*, cries the *Don*,
 ' And so his *Sword* was instant drawn,
 ' I fainted, fell, and knew not where
 ' I was, till in my easy Chair.

' Then he withdrew, and *Ver.* came up,
 ' Who, to his Tale, soon put a Stop,
 ' Declaring, he had chang'd the Case,
 ' And that he *sole Aggressor* was.

' But *Juries there*, as well as *here*,
 ' Find for their *Friends*, the Verdict clear :
 ' So poor Sir *Chal.* was GUILTY found,
 ' And thus *Plantation Laws* go round !

' Now *Ver.* a Letter writes to *Trel.*
 ' To tell him *Truth*, and bid Farewel ;
 ' With all his frank Opinion shews,
 ' That he all Difference shou'd close,
 ' And sets it as a proper Task,
 ' That of Sir *Chal.* he pardon ask.

' But in return, the *haughty* 'Squire
 ' Tells ye, to *Fight* is his Desire ;
 ' And that, when once their Places cease,
 ' The SWORD *alone* shall make their *Peace*.
 ' Hence we conclude, what Pity 'tis,
 ' Their Spirit's lost in Broils like this,
 ' And think the Ardour here they shew,
 ' Were better spent upon a Foe.
 ' *At Home*, or *Spanish Town's* the *same*,
 ' We on each other waste our FLAME,
 ' And, *madly*, whilst *ourselves* provoke,
 ' We let the Foe escape in SMOKE.'

F I N I S.